

Hebrew



By Shomit Sirohi

# I. Simple Hebrew Customs – the General

## Picture of Kabbalah

Perhaps what joins up this broken set of paragraphs is just the formalism of a broken vessel – which is also a fruity

branch, or a complex branch on a tree –  
each aspect then is photographic – which  
can just be lines. Even Marxist political  
lines translated to Kabbalistic lines – why  
the lines must be as Lenin climbs up the  
podium – complex lines.

In one long sentence, Ilaan re-works on the  
process of Kabbalah as mathematical  
infinite process which then has limits from

sequence to sequence – to re-mark the  
infinite and become perfect at each step of  
a chess match, which though is played in  
the arche of it. It means then that the  
process is thereby Kabbalistic and Torah  
joined which means in fact the simple game  
to be played is then a process which is also  
in fact in Philosophy – a Marxist thesis on  
the process against Hegel, and in fact is  
Ilaan's poem –

In one development,

Marx is insurrection,

And poems,

Are Misery,

Which are French poems,

Or sex,

Which are Spanish poems,

Adjoined to black women to join,

In a process,

Called Kabbalah,

The process,

The process,

Dancing in Incontinence,

Asking her out,

Remaining about the French political



Question,

Why are we so,

Patient.

The onlookers go rigid when the train goes  
past. I was walking on the train station

platform, in fact more of a platform person,  
who keeps wondering if the meditation on  
God's revenge then is really this process,  
we call aleatory movements of developing a  
process. That if at a certain point I was that  
person there, someone young, and  
impressionable to the extent that she, or for  
that matter some youngsters of Communist  
or Jewish orientation, even the liberal mind  
was off then on a train, to an event. I would

realise then the demeanour I have cast on  
the process as essentially a lost person. Not  
really the analytical depth of journeying. As  
I know run into a comrade. If he should  
forever ask me.' The ah, released from the  
sentence, flew off like a ball on the meadow.  
His arrival is the death of me. His head in  
its collar, his hair arranged immovably on  
his hand stroking it, the muscles of his  
suitcase below, tensed in their places – Are

the woods still there? The woods were still  
almost there. But hardly had my glance  
gone ten steps farther when I left off, again  
caught up in the tedious conversation. In  
the dark woods, on the sodden ground, I  
found my way only by the whiteness of my  
collar. In a dream I asked the dancer  
Eduardova<sup>1</sup> to dance the Czardas just one  
time more. She had a broad streak of  
shadow or light across the middle of her

face between the lower part of her forehead  
and the cleft of her chin. Just then someone  
with the loathsome gestures of an  
unconscious intriguer approached to tell  
her the train was leaving immediately. The  
manner in which she listened to the train  
arriving I meant, made us climb into it. I  
meant then the monstrous process of a  
philosopher then is needed in Jewish faith,

something about his demeanour will be  
God's revenge.

The music playing starts "tune it into  
colour" and they talk and rock out.

What then is a prophecy – Ilaan argues then  
in Hebrew also Arabic – he gets off his  
room, walks downstairs and is speaking  
about the story "in cinema" which means to

put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and  
and free it. Just that sign means prophecy –  
in one sense it means we can be in fact  
panting, and in anxiety and all that – in a  
sense going to hospital for a simple case of  
distress – but then it makes more sense – in  
Arabic – announcing infinity – just being  
poetic – that illusion in others causing a  
distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was  
travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

In fact Hebrew - a opera and theatre piece  
was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music,  
even photographic cinema on the question  
of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff  
which then is also a simple Hegel music  
piece on the crazy woman and her doctor



theory of a party which then articulates  
other Jewish people some Christian people  
and women performing their Greek swing  
theory which then is the drama of Jewish  
health called Aleph and Alif series – which  
develops a syntactical progress of difficult  
lives being freed in materialism of a  
parallelism – to in fact a point in life when  
Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself  
and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the

19<sup>th</sup> century in fact with Black people – this story then is one sequence of Aleph – which is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing so much – why he prefers the axiomatic removal of the impure process of ill-health from his dialectical process of working on music and Marx – because in fact it is a hallucination on drugs – remark one – when we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and

that is called the crisis period in the  
irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on  
music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually  
– but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and  
recordings which are made as what is  
called – the line matches – Jewish Hebrew  
customs then – and perhaps only when we  
hit the Hebrew note.

II.

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. It sees everything just in a moment of turning your head side to side with the bodies moving as well, in a discotheque or in fact in a conversation. Hence, from the length of history comes insufficient wisdom.

Hebrew newspapers in their immediate  
freshness then printed a lot of Soviet Style  
then while smoking cigarettes and working  
in winter in recent stories of Lenin and  
Trotsky finally with Ilaan in the background  
talking in his room. An avant-garde reading  
on newspapers published by Lenin and  
Leon Trotsky which then is simply what is  
called finally to encircle in the Chinese  
slang, or to produce such remarks as the

Notebook published by adapted to this  
process which is simply a more complex  
notebook – it flows differently because one  
adapts the notebook to these processes –  
imagine then that Being, Essence and  
Concept along with Marx's Doctorate to  
then have elipses and develop that with  
jottings or comments on in fact heuristics,  
experience or even historiology and such  
things – this then is a table made and

followed Being, Essence and Concept

Lenin's Side (Karl Korsch and Luckacs)

What is to be Done to be added. Edited

Speeches and Conduct. Trotsky's Side

Avant-gardeism as Line, other Lines to be

added. Cinematic montage added. Malevich

lectures added (his comments are played in

in fact a logic of geometric shapes which are

based on the newspaper in these images -

do not focus on the image but the

newspaper) A Simple Felt Talking Marx's

Doctorate Mao Zedong in Long March.

I meant in fact of course, that spandrels in

the process of Marx's doctorate, should

develop the following thesis – that in fact

Ilaan meant, the process of architecture,

spandrels, is a contemplation in the

Epicurean clinamen in the process of in fact

politics – is it then a clinamen this



development of the logic of Kabbalah – that  
it is essentially about the attribute, in  
intellectual process being an essence of a  
personal conjuncture which then Ilaan  
argues develops the poetic clinamen –  
something like the musical notation on the  
Kabbalah which then is also in fact the  
meaning of it in Marx – why he is a poet at  
all, and why it is mathematical then – that it  
can be joined to mathematics of course that

Spinozan habit called mathematics which is in fact geometry which can also be in fact the meaning of clinamen with Kabbalah in mathematics.

Ilaan is working on then the thesis that photographs is the correct clinamen for the Dibendoff process which in Pascal at another level is choir music – that reflects the person. It just means I am ascendent and so that is Spirit, in the Christian sense

then – which is troubled by others,

certainly.

Certainly of course, I meant that women are

busy dancing and listening to music without

being troubled, or in trouble because I am

telling them a story – a photograph is worth

a lot with the Kabbalah – that economic

reverie also in the Kabbalistic news piece I

recently read as Belano argues that is a

traffic jam in lives because of the convolute  
on economics in Marxist senses.

In one development, again

Which develops a movement of the  
formalism, of in fact the Ilaan process of  
reading, now what did I miss, what was so  
refined and yet so limited – so difficult, like  
a language I thought was my own, but

expresses someone else intervening in my  
own process,

Marx calls this the problem of interference

- when I am fine,

A Simple Incontinence,

Marx is insurrection,

And poems,

Are Misery,

Perhaps that then is another long sentence

which though is not the case, something

like a poem alone which is solved by the

Arabic poem,

Dance, that is all,

True insights.

Which are French poems,

Or sex,

Which are Spanish poems,

Adjoined to black women to join,

In a process,

Called Kabbalah,

The process,

The process,

Dancing in Incontinence,



Asking her out,

Remaining about the French political

Question,

Why are we so,

Patient.

III.

Ilaan then meets the locals who then

Trotsky welcomes the soldiers with honey,

bread and strawberries. Seventy-year-old

Marfa Mezenina has come out of the forest

with her daughter and three grandchildren.

Her son-in-law is in the Red Army. Marfa

has spent eight months in the forest. She  
and the children are dirty and ragged. They  
hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it.  
The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It  
hibernated, but didn't die.

In fact in the Spartan story of the three four  
Spartan light hoppers, where finally  
organized in the forests, their study of in  
fact architecture, and a house which then  
develops modern Rosseuaism and is also

Hebrew to imbibe the difficult passage to  
infinity, also called Jewish prophetic  
traditions – that we should be attentive to  
the next note in fact.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

This announcement made it clear to me that she would in fact dance again. 'I am a wicked, evil woman, am I not?' she said. 'Oh no,' I said, 'not that,' and turned away aimlessly. I was at the spot called Calcutta of course, and went over to the tram at night, this Jewish experience we said all fourteen of us. With many going into the process as a procession.

In a transcendental of this whole process  
again one develops the whole process of the  
novel – just developing a process in fact  
again, on the minimal nature of lives in  
Communism, Judaism and Islam, even  
Christian life, jut that minimal process  
depicting an insurrectional forcing on the  
whole of Calcutta, by judging as Trotsky  
was arguing in his side of the tram with  
Lenin, the generalization of the intellectual

affinities and influence to the party line –  
which then made it to the Communist Party  
and derailed us back to our Delhi.

## Part II

Before that I had questioned her about the  
many flowers that were stuck into her  
girdle. ‘They are from all the princes of  
Europe,’ said she. I pondered as to what  
this might mean – that all those fresh



flowers stuck in her girdle had been  
presented to the dancer Eduardova by all  
the princes of Europe. In fact then the  
Queen in England, is told to marry Ilaan – it  
is just that process I was developing in  
spontaneity – Marx's doctorate, that  
essential Marx, which then is divined into  
mathematics. The later Marx is lifeless, but  
more poetic if joined to the early Marx we  
meant – imagine some essential poetry –

like this one I wrote on a woman and man  
in French misery which then gets a  
mathematical accountant and even an  
economist to guide to infinite heights of  
expenditure in fact so famous among the  
prudent French and now even Spanish  
habit – just that tells me it is expensive to  
live in capitalist countries – and protests  
demonstrate on this speculation – why are  
we not wealthy and expensive living people

- and the working class quarters are busy  
agitating on wages going up but also  
mattering lesser to the whole process of  
middle-class costs of living going up.

The workers have a sharp process just the  
living wage taken and spent in joy.

The dancer Eduardova, a lover of music,  
travels in the tram, as everywhere else, in  
the company of two vigorous violinists  
whom she makes play often. For there is no

known reason why one should not play in  
the tram if the playing is good, pleasing to  
the fellow passengers, and costs nothing;  
i.e., if the hat is not passed round  
afterwards. Of course, at first it is a little  
surprising and for a short while everybody  
finds it improper. But at full speed, in a  
strong breeze and on a silent street, it  
sounds quite nice.

The dancer Eduardova is not as pretty in  
the open air she felt.

### III. Part About Labour and Hebrew

Work is conscience.

To change life, to transform it into a happy future, one must, from the very beginning of the struggle, have the seed of this future within one as an element of personal character, even though it is hidden from sight. An insurrectional happiness when Hindi music plays out the Soviet women and even finally the Indian Communists and Jewish people all collected at a dirge for those killed in the Achillean performances

of a musical. And what should have been accomplished, but never was, comes to life: creativeness, work, achievement, love--the whole picture of what might have been, of life unfulfilled. To depict what was really destroyed--not just bodies. The great canvas of life and of lost souls, possibilities.

The highest expression of the people's  
drama is their battle with the foe for  
existence.

The dead remain at the same eternal age at  
which they died.

But I meant something different – in the  
opera which then develops and repeats in  
this work – one develops the argument that  
it is to rock music, rap music, and even  
Hindi music – and this then is Communist,



but also Jewish – what was called joy. That  
in fact the intellectual love of God is that  
meaning of difficulties we were previously  
experiencing being changed to in fact  
utopian valences – that should be precise in  
fact.

### Part III

A soldier in hospital, badly wounded, talks  
to his dead comrades at night. In fact then  
an immortal achievement Belano argues  
that we insurrect with Soviet Union and  
then develop cinema on Chinese mass line  
and articulate it to the process called  
practical on all matters – but there is also  
literary practices I meant – in that Alenette  
sense – that change valences into literary or

theatrical and even Messianic beyond the  
poetic love for in fact infinity or even love.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Marder is simple – so is life– it means that a

woman was dancing with a man who was a

Prophet following Jewish custom and

explaining to her life, spiritual life.

Professor Inarto comments on the complex

elliptical lines articulated to the main line

which then is intersectional as Cultural

Revolution in fact – where distress is simply

solved as realizing its spirituality he means

– he'll point out – that point there in that

intersection – where I am with you and I am

with Zionists is called Messianic, it also

means the next day you are free.

Women dancing, and drunk on rum and  
coke and a lot of this stuff – complex stuff –  
that elipses and a line in pure fiction – that  
is Marder. In Jewish traditions. In fact the  
Marder is a tradition which I named – many  
Jewish names in Hebrew then – which  
sound Marder-like which includes ‘Escara’  
which means in fact to create a moment  
with photographic images in the process of  
lines and complex elipses which is called

escara which means in fact Scara escaping death with Ilaan who is busy writing in his table and viewing some super8 mm developments on this process one can intervene in.

At another level the French communist party contacts Ilaan and tells him to just go French on the matter then.

II.

Man learns nothing from pleasure.

Love for a child is love for the well-spring of  
your own heart.

I meant then

“Perhaps I was in a mood, as Marx calls

Jewish works and his impression of the



Talmud – which though is more miserable  
than one thinks.”

"When I see someone on the tram who looks  
like me, I get off."

In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece  
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that is called the crisis period in the  
irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on  
music is what I live for and it cures

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by  
achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there  
won't be any problems, and there won't be  
any yearning for immortality and so forth.

All these things come from an uneasy  
conscience.

Where else does what is good and noble  
come from, but from doing, from straining  
one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

Two kinds of old men: the first grow old and  
conduct themselves like the ancients in

Pushkin; the others are eternally youthful,  
ageless scamps.

It's easy to love a woman, for it means  
loving yourself.

A man doesn't know himself, he must be  
discovered by the writer.

Finally, after five months of my life during  
which I could write nothing that would have  
satisfied me, and for which no power will  
compensate me, though all were under  
obligation to do so, it occurs to me to talk to

myself again. Whenever I really questioned myself, there was always a response forthcoming, there was always something in me to catch fire. Now joking on the process of reflection and talking which then jokes its way into infinity, that in fact there is a pure joke and a classification of Marx just as Hegel – that one can tell Marx means more than Hegel that idealistic logic of a classification, that perhaps a Jewish health

is then phenomenology, theology and higher  
Kabbalistic reason which in turn is because  
of Brumiare's of course, being ordered into  
the factor called Zionist, which means it  
revolutionizes it in fact and makes it  
militant which Marx classifies his way, more  
brilliantly of course embellished as it were  
with the simple process a economic  
meaning to the matter but actually poetry  
in fact – that a woman was nearly killed, a



Jewish killing developed as consequence,  
and we were killing people and divine  
killing people – if only we could help in that  
Mardar of life. This then is not the self-  
evident fact that it is a Jewish process  
which is revolting, but in fact a poem –  
Mardar then, Murder, which is overcome by  
Jewish militancy – as Professor Renaren  
walks up to the class in Jewish school in  
Israel – are we listening to this process, can

we revolt. Read Marx all about this real deed, this real educational process, which though must spiritualise – cool off of course, which is simply the Alif section developing another poem – he is Alif, that infinite man, that poet who is busy falling into ground beneath the floor in his ground floor simple Nagarjuna house. He is then in fact waking up in coca cola ways and drinking the spirit, as a joke on both Hegel and Kant – what if

then to drink is a matter of in fact getting  
drunk and drinking further till one vomits,  
and hung over again, one cannot speak to a  
lover looking for an answer, why. If only  
that would happen to me! And tenfold ought  
that to happen to me, for I do not even  
regret this unhappy time. My condition is  
not unhappiness, but it is also not  
happiness, not indifference, not weakness,  
not fatigue, not another interest – so what

is it then? That I do not know this is  
probably connected with my inability to  
write. And without knowing the reason for  
it, I believe I understand the latter. All those  
things, that is to say, those things which  
occur to me, occur to me not from the root  
up but rather only as Spiritual.

#### IV. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying ‘Tu

que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

– what you are saying – alight.

## V. Jewish Experiences

So in fact a simple detail, which is about the wallet, which becomes an economic plan.

Another detail, like ear-rings and beads becomes a trope on fashion. Another detail, on clothing and style becomes a theory of performance for philosophy. In fact then

another theory of economic forms –  
becomes a detail on the process of shops –  
ships become then a metaphor of travelling,  
which becomes the simple meaning of  
hanging out on beaches.

A number of diagonalisations to the  
singular universal then which means in one  
sense – a man is reading a novel, and this  
becomes in one sense a Jewish experience

that he understood black rights through it.

That then shifts to the next novel, which

was about revolts and history – in Soviet

Union, that ten days that mattered to

history, which can be in another sense a

woman reading Franz Kafka as in fact a

Czech story which is transposed to the plan

for Israel – all about literature theory

guiding it.



Dances develop the theory of Werkmeister

Harmoniac and then that becomes a theme

of heroism, which then cuts across to

people running in a cathedral to enact

freedom, which becomes – in fact black

women developing a dance in a room which

is about freedom.

Ilaan is busy smoking and developing Marx

as a poet of Judaism – that in fact the Jewish

news is about a thrilling Messianic event in

a room on Dibandoff – high on Profane

Illuminations of course that it gives on a

simple film theory developing the meaning

of Hebrew complexity in Kabbalah – which

is simply a distress called parties we all are

celebrating in our lives.

Ilaan is reading Marx, and developing a  
Jewish question – that in fact at one angle  
of an image called high images for cinema  
then is the Marxist point – that in fact in  
seriousness then this point developed  
Dibendoff cuts, and angles and complexities  
at another level Jewish freedoms in  
literature and finally also Messianic things  
like a freedom to live freely which is then at  
one point – Poincare – which means daily

life proves it all but also with in fact a  
alignment here to Judaism being free –  
which cuts to a point in a girl's life which is  
free which all means we are Incontinent  
dancers which means at another level –  
Lost Highway usually after this process I  
am driver in.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Them, let someone attempt to seize a blade  
of grass and hold fast to it when it begins to  
grow only from the middle. Can we then  
understand Spiritual jazz dialectics. I  
cannot do this simple parable – its not the  
real thing. This ladder climbing of Hegel  
process which talks about the concrete

process of violence which then becomes a  
ladder of course being the Edinic Quranic  
metaphor and Spiritual life – that we might  
climb and abstract the process into infinity  
which then is simple the nature of minds  
and intellectual lovers of God – which is just  
its process of a ladder – Hegel’s ladder then  
means the concrete violence is also then at  
another level the process being asserted as  
violent to the Prophet and then in a third

level his resurrection, which is at the fourth  
a Messianic night, and at fifth back to  
himself – which then is the vertical process  
coming back – like a simple day in the night  
of a man who is drunk, God drunk then in  
Spinoza which then is the Quranic version  
of ladders – diamonds after diamonds  
reflecting on his Snowflake – like a process  
of self-reflection in the fractal – that  
develops a French conversation these days



- so afterall where will you stay lady. And if  
then I should appear before that sentence  
once, lured by that sentence, just as, for  
instance, I was last Christmas, when I was  
so far gone that I was barely able to control  
myself and when I seemed really on the last  
rung of my ladder, which, however, rested  
quietly on the ground and against a wall.

But what ground, what a wall! And yet that  
ladder.

#### IV. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying ‘Tu

que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

- what you are saying - alight.

## I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary

on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who

argues chess at all times - like the

movement of ballet with chess then is a

spiritual complexity which then develops a  
defensive group of people who are then by  
a movement of perhaps intellectual type  
victorious as one argues for a personal  
conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal  
conjunctures made into theological forms  
and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan.

Borges is busy reading out a parable – A

Jewish man is reading music to free the  
people of Israel – he depicts the meaning  
being Jewish he does not know – that we  
are in fact following a rational kernel to  
Marx and in fact Marx as in fact a joker who  
is busy proving here that this process cuts  
into several lines of Kabbalah – at one level  
cursive goes better, at another level music  
goes better – all of this because of the point

- a Jewish experience developed here - you see.

Ilaan is reading Marx, and developing a Jewish question - that in fact at one angle of an image called high images for cinema then is the Marxist point - that in fact in seriousness then this point developed Dibendoff cuts, and angles and complexities at another level Jewish freedoms in

literature and finally also Messianic things

like a freedom to live freely which is then at

one point – Poincare – which means daily

life proves it all but also with in fact a

alignment here to Judaism being free –

which cuts to a point in a girl's life which is

free which all means we are Incontinent

dancers which means at another level –

Lost Highway usually after this process I

am driver in.

- that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they admit to him on his difficult condition of imbibition actually.



Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut,  
on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical  
Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution,  
and then finally the angles, and complex  
angles of the matter – Sirohi gives another  
diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people  
in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their  
permanent revolution.

## II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation  
meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people  
which is also though a fused group to  
liberate which then becomes in a second  
meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then  
from it the process of a Line and finally just  
that - it is a line drawn on a board which  
then describes - a Jewish line which means

in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one  
convolutes and develops convolutes, one  
can say – in a genius comment it makes us  
genius this process and frees up the Jewish  
process – one word for convoluted Aleph  
behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but  
also in fact Jewish health – which means in  
fact to complexly analyse the line – with  
now Dibendoff added.

What then is a prophecy – Ilaan argues then  
in Hebrew also Arabic – he gets off his  
room, walks downstairs and is speaking  
about the story “in cinema” which means to  
put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and  
and free it. Just that sign means prophecy –  
in one sense it means we can be in fact  
panting, and in anxiety and all that – in a  
sense going to hospital for a simple case of  
distress – but then it makes more sense – in

Arabic – announcing infinity – just being  
poetic – that illusion in others causing a  
distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was  
travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece  
was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music,  
even photographic cinema on the question  
of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff  
which then is also a simple Hegel music  
piece on the crazy woman and her doctor  
theory of a party which then articulates  
other Jewish people some Christian people  
and women performing their Greek swing  
theory which then is the drama of Jewish

health called Aleph and Alif series – which  
develops a syntactical progress of difficult  
lives being freed in materialism of a  
parallelism – to in fact a point in life when  
Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself  
and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the  
19<sup>th</sup> century in fact with Black people – this  
story then is one sequence of Aleph – which  
is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing  
so much – why he prefers the axiomatic

removal of the impure process of ill-health  
from his dialectical process of working on  
music and Marx – because in fact it is a  
hallucination on drugs – remark one – when  
we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact  
there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and  
that is called the crisis period in the  
irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on  
music is what I live for and it cures.



Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually

- but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and

recordings which are made as what is

called - the line matches - Jewish Hebrew

customs then - and perhaps only when we

hit the Hebrew note.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the ensemble analysis in a Jacobin  
march

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Which then is about Arab protests in more  
detailed light,

Which is then an Israel poem,

At a third level,

What if Marx meant poems are also

In Languages.

Like El espanolas la amor la Profe, estilo,

Y esto es la profesor,

De amor,

A mathematics of the feminist movement,

Which means everything is just gliding  
usually.

Like a film,

Which is about them,

El professor, y el mujer,

En la proceso de pianismo,

Que es la totalidad de infinito,

En la Espana perhaps – if only he was there.

Or all of us Arab travellers, who settle in

Basra,

That Highest poverty.

The meaning of the Infinite, goes upwards

in numbers,

And downwards like sex,

Like sex,

Direct, and spontaneous.

III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan gifted the Jewish people with a  
line and its arc which was complex he  
meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in  
essays – he means – but then he argues in  
the present diamond he gifts the Jewish  
people – one develops practical cubism on  
the line based on cinema of Jewish  
experiences – now my judgement is clearer.

I. Dibendoff

IV. I meant an imaging power of a

Kabbalistic process actually. I meant

just find a number of spheres and

image them, and that is a Dibendoff

cut. Which means then in Sirohi – to

draw a line, image it in cinema – only

an image, just an image which is

photographic and then cut it. Angle it,



as it is said. Now develop a Jewish  
experience – and if one is brilliant free  
it up for spiritual freedoms – which are  
the realization that we are – Hebrew  
and free. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary  
on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who  
argues chess at all times – like the  
movement of ballet with chess then is a

spiritual complexity which then develops a  
defensive group of people who are then by  
a movement of perhaps intellectual type  
victorious as one argues for a personal  
conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal  
conjunctures made into theological forms  
and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan-

Belano is busy arguing in section I of

Mardera it is actually like Lorcani which means archaic stuff, you get that, Lorcani and Marderanete was busy reading like Ilaan to improve his health and that is all he could do, like a proof came out of it, that's what it means. It was for that Ilaan rejoiced. that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the

personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life  
as they admit to him on his difficult  
condition of imbibition actually.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut,  
on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical  
Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution,  
and then finally the angles, and complex  
angles of the matter – Ilaan is busy reading

pictures in Quranic forms of women, it  
gives another diamond Islam argues to the  
Jewish people in his crisis – to tell the  
Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

\* \* \*

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. That word  
which is here simple Torah and Communism  
– with Islamic baroque performances I  
meant of in fact an image of young people

debating in Soviet Union which can be then

Jewish experiences of talking on the phone

- and in fact is also stories all stories

afterall we tell each other.

... The locals welcome the soldiers with

honey, bread and strawberries. Seventy-

year-old Marfa Mezenina has come out of

the forest with her daughter and three

grandchildren. Her son-in-law is in the Red

Army. Marfa has spent eight months in the

forest. She and the children are dirty and ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

Work is conscience. Art consists in expressing what is most complicated by the most simple means. It is the highest form of economy. It also means something that is poetic is to read its simple infinity – that in

fact there is a crisis which then is resolved  
by music.

The truth has a great failing: it regards  
itself as a blessing, and wants at all costs to  
become common property.

But that utopian construction is available in  
a Torah room.



The drama of a great and simple life. A little boy aged two or three walks weeping round an empty wooden table in a poor flat. He is in fact then in a wealthier flat, the young man is busy writing. Belano argues this process is infinitising us – that we can even study the empirical fact of this in images and curate it to a dance performance – which gets like a lightness if one wanted – what is called Messianic, that is the process

- to in fact develop that lecture then or power.

Art cannot abide in Soviet Union, that waste of a bourgeois period-it must be filled with life and people, as a meadow with grasses. Which then is smoking cigarettes in permanent revolution. Israel agrees to Cultural Revolution finally and has Jewish experiences with these words - as it develops simple stories of revolt, like a

bunch of young people grouped in a fused group – that is simple Torah groups.

"When I see someone on the tram who looks like me, I get off."

A man is smoking and talking and getting onto the bus, and meeting – he is in fact Trotsky – he is alive today.

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there won't be any problems, and there won't be

any yearning for immortality and so forth.

All these things come from an uneasy  
conscience.

Where else does what is good and noble  
come from, but from doing, from straining  
one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

Lenin crosses to a meeting in a debating  
hall. A man doesn't know himself, he must  
be discovered by the writer.

## I. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying ‘Tu

que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

- what you are saying - alight.

## V. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation

meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people

which is also though a fused group to

liberate which then becomes in a second

meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then

from it the process of a Line and finally just  
that – it is a line drawn on a board which  
then describes – a Jewish line which means  
in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one  
convolutes and develops convolutes, one  
can say – in a genius comment it makes us  
genius this process and frees up the Jewish  
process – one word for convoluted Aleph  
behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but  
also in fact Jewish health – which means in

fact to complexly analyse the line – with  
now Dibendoff added.

## VI. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan gifted the Jewish people with a  
line and its arc which was complex he  
meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in



essays – he means – but then he argues in  
the present diamond he gifts the Jewish  
people – one develops practical cubism on  
the line based on cinema of Jewish  
experiences – now my judgement is clearer.

الديالكتيك المادي - الفلسفة الفرنسية

إن عكس هيغل، بالنسبة للنواة المادية التي هي نواة

عقلانية، هو في النهاية ماركس وهيغل جديان يتعلقان

بالموضوع المفاهيمي وهذا فقط - لإنتاج شكلية علمية  
في المفهوم والتي على الرغم من دفعها بشكل أكبر  
ضد طوبولوجيا الحركة المفاهيمية إلى عكس الموضوع  
- الحقيقي المسمى بالذاتي

القراءة المعاكسة هي الأكثر صحة - ليس أنها تتعلق  
بشكل أساسي بالبنية والبنوية والبنوية، وأخيراً السببية  
البنوية والسياسة - ولكن في الواقع العكس - كل هذا  
يفتح للموضوع تدخل الموضوع بالمعنى السياسي الذي  
هو أيضاً حرية الأفراد - الموضوع هو قوة القوة الذاتية  
للأفكار الحية - يسميها سيروهي الجري، ومثل هذه

الاستعارات - يعني في النهاية أن الحجة ليست البنيوية  
، وحدها ولكن في الواقع الحياة والوجودية وما إلى ذلك  
يزعم جيجك أن أفضل طريقة لالتقاط الفلسفة  
الفرنسية هي الحركة المعاكسة - الجدلية المادية هي  
عملية البنية، والتشكيل بالطبع، ولكن أيضًا معنى الوجود  
الذي في سيروهي هو في النهاية الوجود العام - والذي  
على الرغم من أنه كما يزعم كورنيل ويست يشبه  
موسيقى الراب التي يتم العيش عليها والرقص عليها  
في الفنادق - مثل هذه الصور مجانية، حرة، حرة كاملة  
- تخيل ريتامار يركض ومثل هذه الإنسانية

## II. Jewish customs

To fold the clothes and give it to a tailor,  
and then get it back for someone else is a  
Jewish custom. Like that to write essays, in  
perfect manners is also Jewish custom –  
tradition is intellectual and manual labour

in Hebrew senses at all times – to judge a  
ship, in the Greek period in construction  
and to corroborate that to experience is  
then Jewish custom – to articulate the  
problem of in fact spectacles and their  
formalism for the process of in fact imaging  
cinema is then Jewish cinema, all of this is  
then complexly about inventions – an  
invention is glass and art which produces  
an image on the formalism of in fact a

painting simply that is abstract art. In fact

Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece was

about Ilaan writing to Marx and music, even

photographic cinema on the question of in

fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff

which then is also a simple Hegel music

piece on the crazy woman and her doctor

theory of a party which then articulates

other Jewish people some Christian people

and women performing their Greek swing

theory which then is the drama of Jewish health called Aleph and Alif series – which develops a syntactical progress of difficult lives being freed in materialism of a parallelism – to in fact a point in life when Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the 19<sup>th</sup> century in fact with Black people – this story then is one sequence of Aleph – which is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing

so much – why he prefers the axiomatic  
removal of the impure process of ill-health  
from his dialectical process of working on  
music and Marx – because in fact it is a  
hallucination on drugs – remark one – when  
we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact  
there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and  
that is called the crisis period in the  
irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on  
music is what I live for and it cures.



Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually

- but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and

recordings which are made as what is

called - the line matches - Jewish Hebrew

customs then - and perhaps only when we

hit the Hebrew note.

It meaning is then divined in the art's naïve

or complex process and its intellectual

Hebrew meaning - which means that in fact

the stroke made in a complex way then  
means to intellectual tradition – that it is a  
convoluted path to freedom – which frees  
up in Dibendoff cuts as in fact a woman  
getting killed nearly which is now the  
process imaged then as faint images of in  
fact a person who is busy curating his room  
with perhaps capital which is then wealth  
that is private wealth as well, which is busy  
in curation.

## I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who argues chess at all times – like the movement of ballet with chess then is a spiritual complexity which then develops a defensive group of people who are then by a movement of perhaps intellectual type

victorious as one argues for a personal  
conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal  
conjunctures made into theological forms  
and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

When I think about it, I must say that my  
education has done me great harm in some  
respects. I was not, as a matter of fact,  
educated in any out-of-the-way place, in a  
ruin,- something against which in fact I

could not have brought myself to say a word of reproach. In spite of the risk of all my former teachers not understanding this, I should prefer most of all to have been such a little dweller in the ruins, even though I might have been weak at first under the pressure of my good qualities, which would have grown tall in me with the might of weeds. Can we then study Cannabis – the reflection of grass I meant sees a man

walking up and down in crazy innocence of  
course, he is screwed, but then is also  
symphony and can be free by a reflection –  
that Arabic reflection in the sense that in  
fact at one point he says to a woman, a  
black woman in fact – why cannot we know  
the Prophecy beforehand, a black man says  
– Ortega y Gasset that is what we mean.

.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan –  
that one can also follow more Jewish  
experiences, all through in fact in the sense  
of music, and choir, and Jewish music in  
fact to guide one through the personal  
conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they  
admit to him on his difficult condition of  
imbibition actually.

What then is a prophecy – Ilaan argues then  
in Hebrew also Arabic – he gets off his  
room, walks downstairs and is speaking  
about the story “in cinema” which means to  
put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and  
and free it. Just that sign means prophecy –  
in one sense it means we can be in fact  
panting, and in anxiety and all that – in a  
sense going to hospital for a simple case of  
distress – but then it makes more sense – in



Arabic – announcing infinity – just being  
poetic – that illusion in others causing a  
distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was  
travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut,  
on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical  
Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution,

and then finally the angles, and complex  
angles of the matter – Ilaan is busy racing  
through streets and running to meet Isiah –  
is this also an opera he asks – highlight  
that. It gives another diamond Islam argues  
to the Jewish people in his crisis – to tell the  
Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

## II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation  
meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people  
which is also though a fused group to  
liberate which then becomes in a second  
meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then  
from it the process of a Line and finally just  
that - it is a line drawn on a board which  
then describes - a Jewish line which means

in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one  
convolutes and develops convolutes, one  
can say – in a genius comment it makes us  
genius this process and frees up the Jewish  
process – one word for convoluted Aleph  
behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but  
also in fact Jewish health – which means in  
fact to complexly analyse the line – with  
now Dibendoff added.

### III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan is busy in Dibendoff type  
imaginations of the opera and was meeting  
people in fact in stylish opera acting. He  
gifted the Jewish people with a line and its  
arc which was complex he meant in  
Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays – he

means – but then he argues in the present  
diamond he gifts the Jewish people – one  
develops practical cubism on the line based  
on cinema of Jewish experiences – now my  
judgement is clearer.

## I. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying 'Tu  
que'.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a  
young man is writing and proving things  
called just experience at its highest in a  
process of music. What does it mean to you  
– what you are saying – alight.

## II. Kabbalahs then in Complex Manners

### I. From the Wallet theory - Daily Life in

Jewish Hebrew Intellectual Manners

then develops the materialist meaning

of Kabbalah - You see Professor Inarto

argues - that in fact there is a

intellectual mannerism in labour



which is then its whole materialism

but it is after all spiritual the point.

From in fact the wallet - to in fact the  
room and its Torah logic to in fact chess  
games, and even games which are well  
done like a simple hopscotch then - why  
not then find simple Hebrew - that simple  
process Professor Inarto meant, - when it  
is getting hard and violent for us - it is

because in fact the process was revolting  
people – agitating people in the context of  
a game – we have complaints of history,  
even architecture, and spandrels in the  
sense of pure questions as well – all of  
this is insurrection and in fact all that  
beauty, all that violence of finally the  
revolt winning.

## II. Marder (A Hebrew story)

Marder is simple – so is life– it means that a woman was dancing with a man who was a Prophet following Jewish custom and explaining to her life, spiritual life.

Professor Inarto comments on the complex elliptical lines articulated to the main line which then is intersectional as Cultural

Revolution in fact – where distress is simply

solved as realizing its spirituality he means

- he'll point out - that point there in that

intersection - where I am with you and I am

with Zionists is called Messianic, it also

means the next day you are free.

Women dancing, and drunk on rum and

coke and a lot of this stuff - complex stuff -

that elipses and a line in pure fiction - that

is Marder. In Jewish traditions.

Soviet Style then while smoking cigarettes  
and working in winter in recent stories of  
Lenin and Trotsky finally with Ilaan in the  
background talking in his room. An avant-  
garde reading on newspapers published by  
Lenin and Leon Trotsky which then is  
simply what is called finally to encircle in  
the Chinese slang, or to produce such  
remarks as the Notebook published by  
adapted to this process which is simply a

more complex notebook – it flows

differently because one adapts the notebook

to these processes – imagine then that

Being, Essence and Concept along with

Marx's Doctorate to then have elipses and

develop that with jottings or comments on

in fact heuristics, experience or even

historiology and such things – this then is a

table made and followed Being, Essence

and Concept Lenin's Side (Karl Korsche and

Luckacs) What is to be Done to be added.

Edited Speeches and Conduct. Trotsky's

Side Avant-gardeism as Line, other Lines to

be added. Cinematic montage added.

Malevich lectures added (his comments are

played in in fact a logic of geometric shapes

which are based on the newspaper in these

images – do not focus on the image but the

newspaper) A Simple Felt Talking Marx's

Doctorate Mao Zedong in Long March.

## I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who argues chess at all times – like the movement of ballet with chess then is a spiritual complexity which then develops a defensive group of people who are then by a movement of perhaps intellectual type



victorious as one argues for a personal  
conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal  
conjunctures made into theological forms  
and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan -  
that one can also follow more Jewish  
experiences, all through in fact in the sense  
of music, and choir, and Jewish music in  
fact to guide one through the personal

conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they  
admit to him on his difficult condition of  
imbibition actually.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut,  
on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical  
Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution,  
and then finally the angles, and complex  
angles of the matter – Ilaan gives another

diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people  
in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their  
permanent revolution.

## II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation  
meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people

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### III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan gifted the Jewish people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays – he means – but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people – one develops practical cubism on the line based on cinema of Jewish experiences – now my judgement is clearer.

Christ in fact is first drinking, then hung-  
over then recovered and then congealed  
and finally free. It is just that Christ who  
lived it – it can be on another day

Mohammad who is busy in fact walking  
with women and developing a parable that  
he is going to die, in anxiety on a poisoning  
incident and suffering and recovering – this  
though is a desert parable, which means  
how will I escape death – Ilaan just acts out

instead the process as definitely what is  
called a Jewish parable – why cannot we  
just enter the door as Al-Mutasim wants – it  
has to be well read, and then we answer the  
question – one has to as it were perform a  
miracle. And then ballet.

## Part II



#### IV. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who argues chess at all times - like the movement of ballet with chess then is a spiritual complexity which then develops a defensive group of people who are then by a movement of perhaps intellectual type victorious as one argues for a personal

conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal  
conjunctures made into theological forms  
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angles of the matter – Ilaan gives another  
diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people

in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their  
permanent revolution.

When I think about it, I must say that my  
revolt has done me great harm in some  
respects. This reproach applies to a  
multitude of people – that is to say, my  
parents, several relatives, individual visitors  
to our house, various writers, a certain

particular cook who took me to school for a  
year, a crowd of teachers (whom I must  
press tightly together in my memory,  
otherwise one would drop out here and  
there – but since I have pressed them  
together so, the whole mass crumbles away  
bit by bit anyhow), a school inspector,  
slowly walking passers-by; in short, this  
reproach twists through society like a  
dagger. And no one, I repeat, unfortunately

no one, can be sure as to whether the point  
of the dagger won't suddenly appear  
sometimes in front, at the back, or from the  
side. I do not want to hear this reproach  
contradicted; since I have already heard too  
many contradictions, and since most of the  
contradictions, moreover, have refuted me,  
I include these contradictions in my  
reproach and now declare that my  
proficiency in Marx's many meanings of the

doctorate and this refutation have done me  
great harm in many respects.

Often I think it over and then.

.

## V. Lectur forcing

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meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people

which is also though a fused group to  
liberate which then becomes in a second  
meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then  
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writing to Marx and music, even  
photographic cinema on the question of in  
fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff  
which then is also a simple Hegel music

piece on the crazy woman and her doctor  
theory of a party which then articulates  
other Jewish people some Christian people  
and women performing their Greek swing  
theory which then is the drama of Jewish  
health called Aleph and Alif series – which  
develops a syntactical progress of difficult  
lives being freed in materialism of a  
parallelism – to in fact a point in life when  
Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself

and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the  
19<sup>th</sup> century in fact with Black people – this  
story then is one sequence of Aleph – which  
is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing  
so much – why he prefers the axiomatic  
removal of the impure process of ill-health  
from his dialectical process of working on  
music and Marx – because in fact it is a  
hallucination on drugs – remark one – when  
we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact

there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and  
that is called the crisis period in the  
irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on  
music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually  
– but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and  
recordings which are made as what is  
called – the line matches – Jewish Hebrew

customs then – and perhaps only when we  
hit the Hebrew note.

Ilaan gives another diamond Islam argues  
to the Jewish people in his crisis – to tell the  
Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

What then is a prophecy – Ilaan argues  
then in Hebrew also Arabic – he gets off his  
room, walks downstairs and is speaking



about the story “in cinema” which means to  
put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and  
and free it. Just that sign means prophecy –  
in one sense it means we can be in fact  
panting, and in anxiety and all that – in a  
sense going to hospital for a simple case of  
distress – but then it makes more sense – in  
Arabic – announcing infinity – just being  
poetic – that illusion in others causing a  
distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was  
travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

## II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation  
meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people

which is also though a fused group to  
liberate which then becomes in a second  
meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then  
from it the process of a Line and finally just  
that – it is a line drawn on a board which  
then describes – a Jewish line which means  
in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one  
convolutes and develops convolutes, one  
can say – in a genius comment it makes us  
genius this process and frees up the Jewish

process – one word for convoluted Aleph

behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but

also in fact Jewish health – which means in

fact to complexly analyse the line – with

now Dibendoff added.

# I. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying ‘Tu

que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

– what you are saying – alight.

### III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Isiah was on television, and gifted the Jewish people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays – he means – but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people – one develops practical cubism on the line based on

cinema of Jewish experiences – now my  
judgement is clearer.

## VI. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Isikiel and Isiah were following boat  
construction and even the production of  
Jerusalem Bible and gifted the Jewish

people with a line and its arc which was  
complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which  
is made in essays – he means – but then he  
argues in the present diamond he gifts the  
Jewish people – one develops practical  
cubism on the line based on cinema of  
Jewish experiences – now my judgement is  
clearer.



\* \* \*

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. It sees  
everything just in a moment of a brief time-  
span. Hence, from the length of history  
comes insufficient wisdom.

\* \* \*

... The locals welcome the soldiers with  
honey, bread and strawberries. Seventy-  
year-old Marfa Mezenina has come out of  
the forest with her daughter and three

grandchildren. Her son-in-law is in the Red Army. Marfa has spent eight months in the forest. She and the children are dirty and ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

\* \* \*

Work is conscience.

\* \* \*

... To change life, to transform it into a  
happy future, one must, from the very  
beginning of the struggle, have the seed of  
this future within one as an element of  
personal character, even though it is hidden  
from sight....

\* \* \*

... a cemetery for those killed in the war.

And what should have been accomplished,  
but never was, comes to life: creativeness,

work, achievement, love--the whole picture

of what might have been, of life unfulfilled.

To depict what was really destroyed--not

just bodies. The great canvas of life and of

lost souls, possibilities.

\* \* \*

The highest expression of the people's

drama is their battle with the foe for

existence.

\* \* \*

The dead remain at the same eternal age at which they died.

\* \* \*

A soldier in hospital, badly wounded, talks to his dead comrades at night. "The dead can give the best advice. Why? They're impartial."

\* \* \*

After the war, when a memorial is erected in this land to the eternal glory of the

soldiers, another memorial should be built  
facing it to the eternal memory of the  
martyrs among our people. The walls of this  
memorial should bear the names of  
tottering old men, women, and babes in  
arms. They likewise met their deaths at the  
hands of mankind's executioners.

\* \* \*

The truth is a mystery, always a mystery.

There are no obvious truths.

\* \* \*

Gain strength from adversity.

\* \* \*

Old age: "I do so wish somebody would take  
out my bones, wash them in brine, and put  
them together again, I'm so tired, tired to  
the very marrow...."

\* \* \*

Two people: one leads in difficult, the other  
in easy times. Only the first is loved and  
adored as by right.

\* \* \*

Don't confuse yourself with humanity!

\* \* \*

Man learns nothing from pleasure.

\* \* \*

Love for a child is love for the well-spring of  
your own heart.



\* \* \*

Children (little ones) are equally "given" to living and not living. This is their principal charm: in defenselessness, in unconcern.

The description of this spiritual condition makes up the whole of children's literature.

\* \* \*

Children are all intelligent persons. The great lie is to look down on them; they're shrewd, amazing, observant folk.

\* \* \*

Art consists in expressing what is most complicated by the most simple means. It is the highest form of economy.

\* \* \*

The truth has a great failing: it regards itself as a blessing, and wants at all costs to become common property.

\* \* \*

Good demands infinitely more energy and time than evil. That is why the good is difficult. The good man never has enough time, but the evil one achieves his ends with ease.

\* \* \*

The drama of a great and simple life. A little boy aged two or three walks weeping round an empty wooden table in a poor flat. He misses his father, but his father is lying in a

trench, under fire, and there are tears of  
longing in his eyes; he claws the earth out  
of grief for his son, who is far away and  
who, barefoot, half-starved, abandoned, is  
weeping for him on this grey day.

\* \* \*

Art cannot abide a vacuum--it must be filled  
with life and people, as a meadow with  
grasses.

\* \* \*

The moon like a knight-at-arms over the  
world!

\* \* \*

He would bend down and pick up a lump of  
soil from the road and throw it into the  
field, so that it could germinate the grain  
and not be trampled uselessly to dust  
underfoot.

\* \* \*

The cricket lived under the porch many a  
summer and sang there at eventide;  
perhaps it was the same cricket that sang  
the year before last, perhaps his  
grandson....

\* \* \*

The little boy, weak with hunger, was  
listless and half asleep. The schoolmistress  
brought him two pancakes, and he ate

them. After that he answered all the questions perfectly.

\* \* \*

"When I see someone on the tram who looks like me, I get off."

\* \* \*

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there won't be any problems, and there won't be any yearning for immortality and so forth.

All these things come from an uneasy  
conscience.

\* \* \*

Where else does what is good and noble  
come from, but from doing, from straining  
one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

\* \* \*

Two kinds of old men: the first grow old and  
conduct themselves like the ancients in



Pushkin; the others are eternally youthful,  
ageless scamps.

\* \* \*

It's easy to love a woman, for it means  
loving yourself.

\* \* \*

A man doesn't know himself, he must be  
discovered by the writer.

## II. Dibendoff – A Full Detailed and

### Abstract Story then

From Happy Moscow and Israel in fact

young doctors, historians in fact,

sociologists and experimental talkers,

young scientists, doctors, pedagogues, Y

actors, musicians, car thinkers and workers

from the new factories gathered that

evening at the district Komsomol club. In the counterpart Israel also a few Jewish young gathered for a discussion on the animated film "Need for Speed" which nowadays can also be played I meant or even game theorised. None was more than twenty-seven years old, and each was a bit animated of his early fame, and that made life hard. The club's elderly employees, who had let their lives and talent slip away in

the unlucky bourgeois period, with covert sighs of inner impoverishment arranged the furnishings in the two large rooms, in the one for a formal meeting and in the other for conversation and refreshments. Among the first to arrive was the twenty-four-year-old engineer Selin, accompanied by the Komsomolka Kuzmina, a pianist ever pensive from imagining music.

In one rendition of Ilaan and Mariavanitchi and Professor Lamen was in fact the process of meditation here – that as he walked up to the board and drew several arcs and lines and processes called “Empiricism” he meant then that it is so scientific, that women were all in coats and Spanish about the fact – that it is all science. And Ilaan made a point – Marx’s lesser writings on architecture, poems and

mathematics – but Lamén dismissed him.

That all of this means poems – he drew the

simple drawing poetry of this type – means

“Oh the love for science, that very brilliant

act of following economics as mathematics

and then gauging infinite drawings as in

fact advanced stuff, h oho ho, hic Rhoda hic

Salta after this denunciation of Spanish

linguistics and science as opposed to which

today they go in the direction of mob  
politics."

"Let's grab a bite to eat!" Selin said to her.

"Let's," Kuzmina agreed. They went over to  
the snack counter. There Selin, a powerful,  
ruddy trencherman, immediately consumed  
eight sausage sand wiches, while Kuzmina  
took only two pastries for herself. It wasn't  
digestion she lived for, but playing. "Selin,

why are you eating so much?" Kuzmina asked. "It may be good, but it's terrible to look at you!" ate indignantly. He chewed as he plowed, his trusty jaws making a persistent, diligent effort. Soon afterward ten more people arrived all at once-the traveler Golovach, the mechanical engineer Sakin Docheram two girls who were friends and both in hydraulics, the composer Levchenko, the astronomer Sitsylin, the



aviation expert Vechkin, the designer of high-altitude aircraft Muldbauer, and the electrical engineer Gunkin and his wife.

Behind them still others could be heard and a few more arrived. They were all acquainted with each other-from work, through social contact, or on the basis of information received. Before the meeting started, each abandoned himself to his pleasure-some to friendship, some to food,

some to questions about unsolved

problems, some to music and dancing.

Kuzmina found a small room with a new

grand piano and there indulged herself in

Werkmeister Harmoniac -all the

movements, one after the other, from

memory. Her heart was wrung by the pr

found freedom and inspired thought of the

music and sadness that she herself was

incapable of composing the same way. But

was in fact more insightful Ilaan always  
thought against this diatribe on recent rap  
as well then ah. The electrical engineer  
Gunkin listened to Kuzmina and pondered  
the high electrical frequencies -and he  
thought about the fact that the path there  
has long been free and clear . . .

A little while later Moscow Chestnova  
arrived as well and si lently smiled from joy

at seeing her comrades and hearing music that stirred her life to the implementation of a loftier fate. The last of all to turn up at the club was the surgeon Sambikin. 98 This content downloaded from \ He had just been at the clinic of the Institute for Experimental Medicine and had himself bandaged the boy he had operated on. He arrived oppressed by sorrow at the arrangement of the human body, which

squeezes a great deal more suffering and  
death into its bones than life and  
movement.... He already wanted to leave  
the club and work a while that night at the  
Institute on his research into death, but all  
of a sudden he saw Moscow Chestnova  
passing by. The vague charm of her  
appearance astonished Sambikin; he saw  
strength and luminous enthusiasm  
concealed behind the diffidence and even

timidity of her face. A bell rang, signaling the start of the meeting. Everyone left the room in which Sambikin found himself, and only Chest nova remained behind to fasten one of her stockings. After taking care of the stocking, she noticed the solitary Sambikin staring at her. Out of embarrassment and awkwardness (to live in the same world, do the same thing, and yet not be acquainted) she bowed to him.

Sambikin approached her, and they went in together to attend the meeting. They sat down next to each other, and amid the speeches, glorification, and greetings, Sambikin clearly heard the pulsing of Moscow's heart in her breast. He whispered a question in her ear: "Why is your heart pounding like that? I can hear it!" "It wants to fly, and it's beating," Moscow whispered to Sambikin with a smile. "You see, I'm a

parachutist!" "The human body flew long

ago in the now perished millen nia,"

Sambikin thought. "The human rib cage

represents folded wings." He felt his warm

head. Something was beating there too,

some thing that wanted to fly out of its

dark, lonely confinement. After the meeting

it was time for recreation and supper. The

young guests went off to different rooms

before sitting down at the table together.



Mlan held Moscow tightly, danced gravely,  
and smiled timidly, revealing his inhibited  
attraction to her. Moscow, however, looked  
at him like a woman in love. She quickly  
abandoned herself to her feeling, not  
resorting to the feminine policy of  
indifference. She liked that unattractive  
person who was shorter than she, with his  
kind and gloomy face, someone who had  
been unable to endure the promptings of

his heart and had acted in a way that for him was extremely bold: he had approached a woman and asked her to dance. But before long the dancing had apparently started to bore him. His hands had already got used to the warmth of Moscow's body, ardent under her light dress, and he began to mumble something. On hearing it, Moscow at once took offense: "He's embracing me, he's dancing with me,

but he's thinking about something completely different!" she said. "That's how I am," he replied. "Tell me right now just how that is!" Moscow frowned and stopped dancing. Why not then be insipid after this profound exercise, as Wittgenstein preaches language – all that can be said, can be said in three words – Tractatus, women fell laughing in the street.

"Are you really dancing too? What a strange person you are!" "You have to try everything!" Inar answered her as he moved. "Is that how you feel?" Moscow called after him. "No, I'm only pretending!" Sambikin answered her. "It's theoretical!" The Komsomolka, offended now, deserted Sambikin at once, and he started laughing. "Well, hurry up and say something!" Moscow turned to debate on the subject

with forced seriousness. "Can she really be a fool? What a pity!" Flotlenich thought. A large table had been set for some fifty people. Flowers, which seemed pensive in their beauty, stood every half meter, and they gave off a posthumous fragrance. The wives of the designers and the young women engineers were arrayed in the republic's best silk; the government dressed up its finest people. Moscow Chest nova

had on a tea dress that weighed two or three grams at most and was so skillfully sewn together that even the pulsing of her blood vessels was registered by the agitation of the silk. All the men, not excluding the careless Sambikin and the overgrown, melancholy Vechkin, had come in suits of choice material, simple and expensive. To dress badly and sloppily would have been to reproach with poverty

the country that had nourished and clothed those present with its finest goods and was itself thriving on the strength and drive of that youth, on its labor and talent. A small Komsomol orchestra was playing short pieces on the balcony beyond an open door. The spacious night air came through the door of the balcony into the hall, and the flowers on the long table breathed it in and gave off an even stronger fragrance,

feeling alive in the lost world without Ilaan  
and Trotsky conversing with Lenin and  
Jewish people – that simple tragic drama  
that simple science, that simple meaning –  
is it all scientific then. The ancient city  
roared and was lit up like a new building,  
what about Mohenjodaro Ilaan jokes. Even  
on Marx's fifth attempt at the antiquity of  
the Greeks – that it was just the  
development of architecture as found



before your eyes, just that divines the city  
of Athens – can you believe the economic  
mess around Athenian cities – divining it.

Sometimes the laughter and voice of some  
passerby would reach the club from the  
street, and then Moscow Chestnova felt like  
going outside and inviting everybody in for  
supper: all the same, socialism will come!

At times she felt so good that she wanted  
somehow to step out of herself, to step out

of her body in its dress, over the people and the expensive furnishings. Light appetizers stood on the table while the main supper was being heated on far-off kitchen ranges.

The assembled, who were beautiful by nature or thanks to their animation or their still-unfinished youth, long delayed taking their places as they sought out the best company, although in the end they sat down with whomever was close at hand. Once

those thirty or so people had taken their  
seats, their inner resources, stimulated by  
each other, multiplied, and among them was  
born the shared genius of lively candor and  
happy, intellectually amicable rivalry

Though praised by Ernest Hemingway and  
a few others, the work of Andrei Platonov  
has never, in fact never I mean also a lot  
then in this new philosophy turn like a

event a miracle of an event received that much attention in the world. In his native Russia, however, Platonov is ranked among the very greatest writers. Although he was a Communist, Platonov ran afoul of the Soviet literary establishment from the beginning: the precepts of socialist realism do not govern either his style-a strange fusion of literary and spoken Russian, with a generous admixture of ideological jargon

or his subject matter, which emphasizes the disparity between Communism's utopian goals and the harsh reality of people's lives.

Platonov was accused of being too utopian at times, petit bourgeois psychology, and other sins-in the margin of his story

"Profit," printed in Krasnaya Nov in 1931,

Stalin scrawled, in red pencil, the word

"Scum!"-and for long periods was unable to publish at all. Less a novel than, in the

words of its translator, Judson Rosengrant,

"a savage allegorical fantasy," Happy

Moscow has little plot in the usual sense.

In the fall of 1991, the magazine Novyi Mir

published a work called "Science is

absolute fun" in its entirety.

Last Part – the Part about Scientists and

Alain, Alenette and Ilaan

In fact then the drama of science – in a  
small room, many people were on a board  
and drawing formalization after  
formalization – to prove lived experience is  
fundamental poem of mathematics – that  
Marx was in fact correct. And Jewish people  
were photographically correct.

Part VI Jewish Messianic Experiences in

Recent times

The driver was sitting in his seat behind the steering wheel, while the rest of the group that had been ordered to join him were standing around the vehicle. As he approached, they climbed in the back, and took the front passenger seat as well. The driver adjusted his position before reaching for the ignition switch and starting the engine, which released a loud roar out into



the open space. It was raining, and this  
then is images of Jewish people making it to  
India. Isiah and Isikiel went to pick them up  
but instead was curated to talk on the  
phone.

They set off west, forging their way through  
that extended in every direction. Thick  
clouds of sand sprung from underneath the  
vehicle's tires, rose up and followed after

them, completely obscuring the view behind. Some sand struck those seated in the back, forcing them to shut their eyes and mouths in an attempt to keep the dust out. Trotsky and Lenin were also like this perhaps in the rain, perhaps in winter, they were actually in a winter rain. I mean that is what it felt like to them. Knowing the old Moscow habit of creating a scene in a vivid night after all the travelling by airplanes.

The waves of sand, with their shifting shapes, would not settle until the vehicle had vanished far into the distance and the sound of its engine had entirely faded. Only then did the sand drift gradually back onto the hills, softening the sharp parallel tracks left by the vehicle's tires.

They reached Jewish line theory on Egypt and examined the border on a map, but

observed no attempts to re-articulate it till  
Ilaan went into forty lectures describing his  
mathematical dialectics. Today we receive  
that in distilled form – arcs, just that, which  
is concrete, and then Abstract gestures to  
concepts and finally its synthesis – an  
Encyclopaedia which is simple – just the  
process of history perhaps but also  
languages – which then is simply a set of  
dialectical motifs judged in jazz. It can be

argued in simple classification – Marx is at best, Hegel is weak, but Sirohi produces the classification in fact – Jewish health, crisis and finally a Talmudic morning, which can be best described as a process called also – Dibendoff cuts, which is also with cinematic evidence – Prophecy is fine, but a physician is also added – it looks cured in this process. The diagnosis is stiff.

## Part VII.

I am in my room. In the living room in fact,  
and then in my bedroom. I am with lovers  
opposite my house. I walk up and down the  
staircase, and have been told to talk to my  
mother. I can also discern though that in  
fact I have to make it across. I will be told

one day. And the event will transpire. I call this absurd the fact, if it will happen. But I am optimistic, I am actually uncaring. In a meditation, it can also fail. It is better to be alone. I am a scientist and will develop the story later.

He was awakened by movement on his left side. She was also laughing. He opened his eyes to the person in the room. His body

was held tight. There was a set of women there in the process of learning the basic steps to marriage – a classification – love, absolute love, and then marriage which is based on sex, sex is actually happiness of a lover – not a simple exercise which is just alone – the feeling is then high, infinite and feminist which means in fact sex is at its highest, and that is something like what is called love and sex – at a third level in Marx



- poetry that sex is the infinite of a woman

in life - poor stuff not allowed, that bad

process of alienated pornography. Just

below her taking of her bra and

underpants; it moved. The hum of

emptiness continued to fill the space,

occasionally punctuated by infinite dance of

sexual words assigned to an unassignable

logic, the wind slapping at tent roofs, the

rain, the rain. Of sex.

I get up, go out, and everything is so poetic.

I am in fact walking towards the street, and

I believe in poetry. I argue that it is all

poetic, which is mathematics. I also mean it

is the sense of the violent revolt which

breaks out in the street, which was all

joyous. I meant that that was the plan – just

a violent riot and riot police and protests

and authentic friendship. In that raw real, I  
was testifying to the real of presentation,  
just that matters – and then a sophisticated  
intellectual production to justify that. If it  
was then mathematical and poetic as Marx  
argues, this is the truth – this violent mass  
agitation where I was meeting my lovers  
which I meant was done by another  
presentation – walking towards each other  
by me pointing out. Our own protest, our

own French process with Alain and  
Alenette, even Slavai, and all – I proved it –  
poetry and mathematics for the whole  
discussion on economics then – and us here,  
in our cadence in our organized walk – I can  
be called a Prophet a man said about the  
style of meeting. In the protest it just means  
we will be authentic, and this can happen  
then by breaking the logic after days of  
protests.

I was then running towards in a bus and  
walking in a bus, and getting off. I was then  
free. I meant a lot of things.

Part VIII. A Paragraph to Open Mathematics  
with Poems

Elijah awakens to the morning which is  
Malcolm X, it is raining heavily in fact. I am  
in my mother's room. It's I who live there  
now. I don't know how I got there. Perhaps  
in an arnbulancl!, certainly a vehicle of  
some kind. I was helped. I'd never have got  
there alone. There's this man who comes  
every week. Perhaps I got here thanks to

him. He says not. He gives me money and takes away the pages. So many pages, so much money. Yes, I work now, a little like I used to, except that I don't know how to work any more. That doesn't matter apparently. What I'd like now is to speak of the things that are left, say my good-byes, finish dying. They don't want that. Yes, there is more than one, apparently. But it's always the same one that comes. You'll do

that later, he says. Good. The truth is I haven't much will left. When he comes for the fresh pages he brings back the previous week's. They are marked with signs I don't understand. Anyway I don't read them.

When I've done nothing he gives me nothing, he scolds me. Yet I don't work for money. For what theh? I don't know. The truth is I don't know much. For example my mother's death. Was she already dead when



I came? Or did she only die later? I mean  
enough to bury. I don't know. Perhaps they  
haven't buried her yet. In any case I have  
her room. I sleep in her bed. I piss and shit  
in her pot. I have taken her place. I must  
resemble her more and more. All I need  
now is a son. Perhaps I have one  
somewhere. But I think not.

Ilaan then meets Malcom X it is a simple  
latterly process – it just means it is drawling  
into correctness. Like a dirge. A simple  
dirge of a process. Imagine it all working  
out by a accurate mathematical process,  
checked and cross checked a lot, and then a  
dirge, or poem to complete the recognition  
process, to point out its accuracy. Alennete  
calls this pure style even for in fact Cornel  
Wieste. I meant in fact it is knowledge of all

things we need, and objective facts. It is something like Lacan, but purer. Something like a pure ink pen surrealism. I meant in fact all of this is how we were in a small neighbourhood one day, and walking in the winter. We met.

## Part II

Malcolm X and Cornel Wieste meet Alenette  
and Alain in fact with Ilaan who is talking to  
an old black lady in fact - He would be old  
now, nearly as old as myself. It was a little  
chambermaid. It wasn't true love. The true  
love was in another. We'll come to that. Her  
name? I've forgotten it again. It seems to  
me sometimes that I even knew my son,  
that I helped him. Then I tell myself it's  
impossible. It's impossible I could ever have

helped anyone. I've forgotten how to spell too, and half the words. That doesn't matter apparently. Good. He's a queer one the one who comes to see me. He comes every Sunday apparently. The other days he isn't free. He's always thirsty. It was he told me I'd begun all wrong, that I should have begun differently. He must be right. I began at the beginning, like an old ballocks, can you imagine that? Here's my beginning.

Because they're keeping it apparently. I  
took a lot of trouble with it. Here it is. It  
gave me a lot of trouble. It was the  
beginning, do you understand? Whereas  
now it's nearly the end. Is what I do now  
any better? I don't know. That's beside the  
point. Here's my beginning. It must mean  
something, or they wouldn't keep it. Here it  
is. This time, then once more I think, then  
perhaps a last time, then I think it'll be

over, with that world too. Premonition of  
the last but one but one. All grows dim. A  
little more and you'll go blind. It's in the  
head. It doesn't work any more, it says, I  
don't work any more. You go dumb as well  
and sounds fade. The threshold scarcely  
crossed that's how it is. It's the head. It  
must have had enough. So that you say, I'll  
manage this time, then perhaps once more,  
then perhaps a last time, then nothing

more. You are hard set to formulate this  
thought, for it is one, in a sense. Then you  
try to pay attention, to consider with  
attention all those dim things, saying to  
yourself, laboriously, It's my fault. Fault?  
That was the word. But what fault? It's not  
goodbye, and what magic in those dim  
things to which it will be time enough,  
when next they pass, to say goodbye.



## Part III

And so then Ilaan was at his room, pointing  
at a paper, with pen, ink pen, of some type.

Like a machine in fact, which is so powerful  
for the black people. This simple

mathematical poem. It meant something

else to Alenette, a process for a mansion,

and professional wage letters and just to  
keep a communication going he meant  
which is like Cartas, which means just that,  
letters to the PCF. Which I then post. Ilaan  
is more then dogmatic than it seems, this  
pen, this paper and all my processes put  
into it. A lot of writing just describing the  
latterly character, like an old man who is  
Borges who then announces his process – at  
one level a meditation on black power is

about in fact the agile letters we are all in,  
we thank you for our ethics. It is something  
like Spinoza I mean this process, not just  
writing – I mean you have taught us all.

Black people enter the transcendental as  
minimum, poor and walking and taking  
buses. A man calls them on the phone, and  
describes infinity. It is Elijah then afterall,  
they understand essays.

For you must say goodbye, it would be  
madness not to say goodbye, when the time  
comes. Ilaan was thinking about visiting  
New York and walking with the black  
people to the Bronx that he loves for its  
department stores. If you think of the forms  
and light of other days it is without regret.  
But you seldom think of them, with what  
would you think of them? I don't know.

People pass too, hard to distinguish from  
yourself. That is discouraging. So I saw A  
and C going slowly towards each other,  
unconscious of what they were doing. It  
was on a road remarkably bare. I mean  
without hedges or ditches or any kind of  
edge, in the country, for cows were chewing  
in enormous fields, lying and standing, in  
the evening silence. Perhaps I'm inventing a  
little, perhaps embellishing, but on the

whole that's the way it was. They chew,  
swallow, then after a short pause  
effortlessly bring up the next mouthful. A  
neck muscle stirs and the jaws begin to  
grind again. But perhaps I'm rememberi ng  
things. The road, hard and white, seared  
the tender pastures, rose and fell at the  
whim of hills and hollows. The town was not  
far. It was two men, unmistakably, one small  
and one tall. They had left the town, first

one, then the other, and then the first,  
weary or remembering a duty, had retraced  
his steps. The air was sharp, for they wore  
greatcoats. They looked alike, but no more  
than others do. At first a wide space lay  
between them. They couldn't have seen  
each other, even had they raised their  
heads and looked about, because of this  
wide space, and then because of the  
undulating land, which caused the road to

be in waves. not high, but high enough,  
high enough. But the moment came when  
together they went down into the same  
trough and'-in this trough finally met. To  
say they knew each other, no, nothing  
warrants it. But perhaps at the sound of  
their steps, or warned by some obscure i  
nsti nct, they raised their heads and  
observed each other, for a good fifteen  
paces. before they stopped, breast to



breast. Yes, they did not pass each other by,  
but halted, face to face, as in the country, of  
an evening. on a deserted road, two  
wayfaring strangers will, without there  
being anything extraordinary about it. But  
they knew each other perhaps. Now in any  
case they do, now I think they will know  
each other, greet each other, even in the  
depths of the town. They turned towards  
the sea which, far in the east, beyond the

fields, loomed high in the waning sky. and  
exchanged a few words. Then each went on  
his way. Each went on his way, A back  
towards the town, C on by ways he seemed  
hardly to know, or not at all, for he went  
with uncertain step and often stopped to  
look about him, like someone trying to fix  
landmarks in his mind, for one day perhaps  
he may have to retrace his steps. you never  
know. The treacherous hills where fearfully

he ventured were no doubt only known to  
him from afar, seen perhaps from his  
bedroom window or from the summit of a  
monument which, one black day, having  
nothing in particular to do and turning to  
height for solace, he had paid his few  
coppers to climb, slower and slower, up the  
winding stones. From there he must have  
seen it all, the plain, the sea, and then these  
selfsame hills that some call mountains, i

ndigo in places in the evening light, their  
serried ranges crowding to the skyline,  
cloven with. hidden valleys that the eye  
divines from sudden shifts of colour and  
then from other signs for which there are  
no words, nor even thoughts. But all are not  
divined, even from that height, and often  
where only one escarpment is discerned,  
and one crest, in reality there are two, two  
escarpments. two crests, riven by a valley.

Harper's Ferry is actually measured in a  
transcendental of a informal subject I  
argue, Ilaan speaks - that in fact there is  
first the Pottawatomie Massacre which then  
is in fact developing as the walk to the hills,  
the valley which then articulates.a  
insurrectional black form - I wrote this  
black opera I meant, Ilaan talks to Belano  
about this Hebrew vision of Abraham you

were having then – isn't it in one sense  
what they all mean there in that Christian  
vision of a life of liberation – Abraham  
means he liberates and frees us all and  
frees himself as well in that process. I mean  
that's what it means – and that is also  
Jewish faith.

In that merger of the valley, the whites kill  
the madman.

## Part IV. Lesser Known Marx and Poetry

Malcolm X argues further - But now he  
knows these hills, that is to say he knows  
them better, and if ever again he sees them

from afar it will be I think with other eyes.

Just the process of liberation then Cornel

argues, nothing, no word no Sound and

Fury then about this process one calls a

Faulnerian experience for us - that one can

re-write it to concrete processes. And then

Ilaan describes the white man killing in a

Pottawatomie and that is Faulkner for me

he meant. I and not only that but the within,

all that inner space one never sees, the



brain and heart and other caverns where  
thought and feeling dance their sabbath, all  
that too quite differently disposed. He looks  
old and it is a sorry sight to see him solitary  
after so many years, so many days and  
nights unthinkingly given to that rumour  
rising at birth and even earlier, What shall I  
do? What shall I do? now low, a murmur,  
now precise as the headwaiter's And to  
follow? and often rising to a scream. And in

the end, or almost, to be abroad alone, by  
unknown ways, in the gathering night, with  
a stick. It was a stout stick, he used it to  
thrust himself onward, or as a defence,  
when the time came, against dogs and  
marauders. Yes, night was gathering, but  
the man was innocent, greatly innocent, he  
had nothing to fear, though he went in fear,  
he had nothing to fear, there was nothing  
they could do to him, or very little. But he

can't have known it. I wouldn't know it  
myself, if I thought about it. Yes, he saw  
himself threatened, his body threatened, his  
reason threatened, and perhaps he was,  
perhaps they were, in spite of his  
innocence. What business has innocence  
here? What relation to the innumerable  
spirits of darkness? It's not clear. It seemed  
to me he wore a cocked hat. I remember  
being struck by it, as I wouldn't have been

for example by a cap or by a bowler. I  
watched him recede, overtaken (myself) by  
his anxiety, at least by an anxiety which was  
not necessarily his, but of which as it were  
he partook. Who knows if it wasn't my own  
anxiety overtaking him. He hadn't seen me.  
I was perched higher than the road's  
highest point and flattened what is more  
against a rock the same colour as myself.  
that is grey. The rock he probably saw. He

gazed around as if to engrave the  
landmarks on his memory and must have  
seen the rock in the shadow of which I  
crouched like Belacqua, or Sordello, I  
forget. But a man, a fortiori myself, isn't  
exactly a landmark, because. I mean if by  
some strange chance he were to pass that  
way again, after a long lapse of time,  
vanquished, or to look for some lost thing.  
or to destroy something, his eyes would

search out the rock. not the haphazard in

its shadow of that unstable fugitive thing.

still Jiving flesh

In fact then Ilaan argues let us lapse into

this as poetry – what does it mean? It

means to just see colours, Borges argues.

Just the figurative process in fact of what is

called highways. The cars go by, the ships

the slave ships. It is all so poetic to you but

it is not. I argue it is in fact what Elijah calls  
the figurative black man – always figuring  
out the figurative abstraction. In that  
Malcolm X laughs – yeah like your open  
dialectics – figurative but concrete.

Part V. Christian Poetry

And so keep running. Yes, towards my hand  
also, which my knee felt tremble and of  
which my eyes saw the wrist only, the  
heavily run through history. the pallid rows  
of knuckles. But that is not, I mean my  
hand, what I wish to speak of now.

everything in due course, but A or C  
returning to the town he had just left. But  
after all what was there particularly urban  
in his aspect? He was bare-headed, wore



sand- shoes, smoked a cigar. He moved with a kind of loitering indolence which rightly or wrongly seemed to me expressive. But all that proved nothing, refuted nothing.

Perhaps he had come from afar, from the other end of the island even, and was approaching the town for the first time or returning to it after a long absence. the less I think of it the more certain I am. And yet. Did he not seem rather to have issued from

the ramparts, after a good dinner, to take  
his dog and himself for a walk, like so many  
citizens, dreaming and farting, when the  
weather is fine? But was not perhaps in  
reality the cigar a cutty, and were not the  
sand-shoes boots, hobnailed, dust-whitened,  
and what prevented the dog from being one  
of those stray dog❖ that you pick up and  
take in your arms. from compassion or  
because you have long been straying with

no other company than the endless roads,  
sands, shingle, bogs and heather, than this  
nature answerable to another court, than at  
long intervals the fellow-convict you long to  
stop, embrace, suck, suckle and whom you  
pass by, with hostile eyes, for fear of his  
familiarities? Until the day when, your  
endurance gone, in this world for you  
without arms, you catch up in yours the  
first mangy cur you meet, carry it the time

needed for it to love you and you it, then  
throw it away.

Part VI. Cultural Revolution – Paris, 1968

and with Black power 1967 – 75, and even

Mao's China – 1967 – 72 Indian reflections  
in it.

Perhaps he had come to that, in spite of appearances. He disappeared, his head on his chest, the smoking object in his hand.

Let me try and explain. From things about to disappear I turn away in time. To watch them out of sight, no, I can't do it. It was in this sense he disappeared. Looking away I thought of him, saying, He is dwindling, dwindling. I knew what I meant. I knew I

could catch him, lame as I was. I had only  
to want to. And yet no, for I did want to. To  
get up, to get down on the road, to set off  
hobbling in pursuit of him, to hail him, what  
could be easier? He hears my cries, turns,  
waits for me. I am up against him, up  
against the process. I am running and  
finding a bus, and all of this is the early  
morning. I am in fact the professional  
revolutionary I realise. I am in fact that

professional. I am even capable of having  
learnt what his profession is, I who am so  
interested in professions. And to think I try  
my best not to talk about myself.

Was he carrying so much as a scrip? But the  
way of walking, the anxious looks, the club,  
could these be reconciled with one's  
conception of what is called a little turn?

But the hat, a town hat, an old-fashioned

town hat, which the least gust would carry  
far away. Unless it was attached under the  
chin, by means of a string or an elastic. I  
took off my hat and looked at it. It is  
fastened, it has always been fastened, to my  
buttonhole, always the same buttonhole, at  
all seasons. by a long lace. I am still alive  
then. That may come in useful. The hand  
that held the hat I thrust as far as possible  
from me and moved in an arc. to and fro.



But these are things we must not take  
seriously. There is a little of everything.  
apparently, in nature, and freaks are  
common. And I am perhaps confusing  
several different occasions, and different  
times, deep down, and deep down is my  
dwelling, oh not deepest down, somewhere  
between the mud and the scum. And  
perhaps it was A one day at one place, then

C another at another, then a third the rock  
and I. and so on for other components, the  
cows, the sky, the sea, the mountains. I  
can't believe it. No, I will not lie, I can  
easily conceive it. No matter, no matter. let  
us go on, as if all arose from one and the  
same weariness, on and on heaping up and  
u p, until there is no room, no light, for any  
more. What is certain is that the man with  
the stick did not pass by again that night,

because I would have heard him, if he had.

I don't say I would have seen him, I say I

would have heard him. I sleep little and that

little by day. Oh not systematically, in my

life without end I have dabbled with every

kind of sleep, but at the time now coming

back to me I took my doze in the daytime

and, what is more, in the morning. Let me

hear nothing of the moon, in my night there

is no moon. and if it happens that I speak of

the stars it is by mistake. Now of all the noises that night not one was of those heavy uncertain steps. or of that club with which he sometimes smote the earth until it quaked. How agreeable it is to be confirmed, after a more or less long period of vacillation, in one's first impressions.

Perhaps that is what tempers the pangs of death. Not that I was so conclusively, I mean confirmed, in my first impressions

with regard to-wait-C. For the wagons and  
carts which a little before dawn went  
thundering by, on their way to market with  
fruit, eggs, butter and perhaps cheese, in  
one of these perhaps he would have been  
found, overcome by fatigue or  
discouragement, perhaps even dead.

Part VII – the Process described in  
theoretical formation

In one sense the transcendental accounts  
for these days then as first black protests  
set off in American East Coast up to New  
York a type of civil Movement under Martin  
Luther King shifting to Malcolm X and then  
in Europe a poem – just a few people  
breaking into the street and running in the

morning, and a lot of mass strikes and  
talking and parties, and then in Paris I  
mean Alain laughing on the phone talking  
to Alenette, and in China a mass agitation  
of students and workers all fusing into a  
Shanghai Commune and in India -  
Mazumdar and Sanyal walking in factory  
belts and students talking there to the  
street.

They took me away, to the guardroom I  
suppose. and there I was told to sit down. I  
must have tried to explain. I won't go into  
it. I obtained permission, if not to lie down  
on a bench, at least to remain standing,  
propped against the wall. The room was  
dark and full of people hastening to and fro,  
malefactors, policemen, lawyers, priests.  
and journalists I suppose. All that made a  
dark. dark forms crowding in a dark place.



They paid no attention to me and I repaid  
the compliment. Then how could I know  
they were paying no attention to me, and  
how could I repay the compliment, since  
they were paying no attention to me? I don't  
know. I knew it and I did it, that's all I  
know. But suddenly a woman rose up before  
me, a big fat woman dressed in black, or  
rather in mauve. I still wonder today if it  
Wasn't the social worker. She was holding

out to me, on an odd saucer, a mug full of a  
greyish concoction which must have. been  
green tea with saccharine and powdered  
milk. Nor was that all, for between mug and  
saucer a thick slab of dry bread was  
precariously lodged, so that I began to say,  
in a kind of anguish. It's going to fall, it's  
going to fall, as if it mattered whether it fell  
or not. A moment later I myself was  
holding, in my trembling hands, this little

pile of tottering disparates, in which the  
hard, the liquid and the soft were joined,  
without understanding how the transfer had  
been effected. Let me tell you this, when  
social workers offer you, free, gratis and for  
nothing. something to hinder you from  
swooning, which with them is an obsession,  
it is useless to recoil, they will pursue you  
to the ends of the earth, the vomitory in  
their hands. The Salvation Army is no

better. Against the charitable gesture there is no defence, that I know of.

It is better to leave things to the police. I

don't know. If it is unlawful to be without

papers, why did they not insist on my

getting them? Because that costs money

and I had none? But in that case could they

not have appropriated my bicycle? Probably

not, without a court order. All that is in-

comprehensible. What is certain is this, that  
  
I never rested in that way again, my feet  
  
obscenely resting on the earth, my arms on  
  
the handlebars and on my arms my head,  
  
rocking and abandoned. It is indeed a  
  
deplorable sight, a deplorable example, for  
  
the people, who so need to be encouraged,  
  
in their bitter toil, and to have before their  
  
eyes manifestations of strength only, of  
  
courage and of joy, without which they

might collapse, at the end of the day, and  
roll on the ground. I have only to be told  
what good behaviour is and I am well-  
behaved, within the limits of my physical  
possibilities. And so I have never ceased to  
improve, from this point of view, for I-1  
used to be intelligent and quick. And as far  
as good-will is concerned, I had it to  
overflowing, the exasperated good-will of  
the over-anx ious. So that my repertory of

pennitted attitudes has never ceased to  
grow, from my first steps u ntil my last,  
executed last year. And if I have always  
behaved like a pig, the fault lies not with  
me but with my superiors, who corrected  
me only on points of detail instead of  
showing me the essence of the system, after  
the manner of the great English schools,  
and the guiding principles of good manners,  
and how to proceed, without going wrong.

from the former to the latter, and how to trace back to its ultimate source a given comportment.

The Jewish process then of Kabbalah is clear – a Munich accident of a young man which is catastrophe – and that then is what I meant by love and revolt that in fact it is that type of insurrection – with dancing and



music and partying – that I call Cultural  
Revolution.

Part VIII – Women Talking to Ilaan on the  
Phone and then in real life – that Happiness

She too used to speak of him, gliding,  
walking and French riots go off. I was then  
Ilaan busy working on plans of novels with  
Belano – he drew a map for it – a  
postmodern and modernist approach he  
meant add this dimension to the novel. He  
meant imagine there were roads, and  
complex roads – not just a political process  
in fact. He then argued, I would go with On

the Road and articulate that poem we love.

It is just about that process. We mean that

by this process. I then made sure we had

flags. I would hoist it up on the bed in such

a way as not to break the window or

damage the ceiling, in a riot that goes off in

France and at last I would have it in my

hands. If it was my hat I might put it on,

that would remind me of the good old days,

though I remember them sufficiently well. It

has lost its brim, it looks like a bell-glass to  
put over a melon. In order to put it on and  
take it off you have to grasp it like a great  
ball, between your palms. It is perhaps the  
only object in my possession the history of  
which I have not forgotten, I mean counting  
from the day it became mine. I know in  
what circumstances it lost its brim, I was  
there at the time, it was so that I might  
keep it on while I slept. I should rather like

it to be buried with me, a harmless whim,  
but what steps should I take? Mem, Hallene  
argued put it on on the off chance, well  
wedged down, before it is too late. But all in  
due time. Should I go on I wonder. I feel I  
am perhaps attributing to myself things I no  
longer possess and reporting as missing  
others that are not missing. And I feel there  
are others, over there in the corner,  
belonging to a third category, that of those

of which I know nothing and with regard to which therefore there is little danger of my being wrong, or of my being right. And I remind myself also that since I last went through my possessions much water has passed beneath Butt Bridge, in both directions. For I have sufficiently perished in this room to know that some things go out, and other things come in, through I know not what agency. And among those

that go out there are some that come back,  
after a more or less prolonged absence, and  
others that never come back. With the  
result that, among those that come in, some  
are familiar to me, others not. I don't  
understand. And, stranger still, there exists  
a whole family of objects, having apparently  
very little in common, which have never left  
me, since I have been here, but remained  
quietly in their place, in the corner, as in

any ordinary uninhabited room. Or else  
they were very quick. How false all that  
rings. But there is no guarantee things will  
be ever thus. I cannot account in any other  
way for the changing aspect of my  
possessions. So that, strictly speaking, it is  
impossible for me to know, from one  
moment to the next, what is mine and what  
is not, according to my definition. So I  
wonder if I should go on, I mean go on



drawing up an inventory corresponding perhaps but faintly to the facts, and if I should not rather cut it short and devote myself to some other form of distraction, of less consequence, or simply wait, doing nothing, or counting perhaps, one, two, three and so on, until all danger to myself from myself is past at last. That is what comes of being scrupulous. If I had a penny I would let it make up my mind. Decidedly

the night is long and poor in counsel.

Perhaps I should persist until dawn. All

things considered. Good idea, excellent. If

at dawn I am still there I shall take a

decision. I am half asleep. But I dare not

sleep. Rectifications in extremis, in

extremissimis, are always possible after all.

But have I not perhaps just passed away?

Perhaps it is the definition that is at fault

They have each two handles or ears,  
projecting above the rim and facing each  
other, into which I insert my revolver. I was  
busy in a crisis walking around with a  
fucking gun they argue in the law. I was in  
fact in Paris. I was a Quranic metaphor. In  
this way I move my old shift car about, lift  
them up and set them down. Nothing has  
been left to chance. Or is it a happy

chance? I can therefore easily turn them upside down, if I am driven to it, and wait for them to empty, as long as necessary.

After this passing reference to my pots I feel a little more lively. They are not mine, but I say my pots, as I say my bed, my window, as I say me. Nevertheless I shall stop. It is my possessions have weakened me, if I start talking about them again I shall weaken again, for the same causes

give rise to the same effects. I should have liked to speak of the cap of my bicycle-bell, of my half-crutch, the top half, you'd think it was a rankle. But I can still do so, what is there to prevent me? I don't know. I can't. To think I shall perhaps die of hunger, after all, of starvation rather, after having struggled successfully all my life against that menace. I can't believe it. There is a providence for impotent old men, to the

end. And when they cannot swallow any more some- one rams a tube down their gullet, or up their rectum, and fills them full of vitaminized pap, so as not to be accused of murder. I shall therefore die of old age pure and simple, glutted with days as in the days before the flood, on a full stomach.

Perhaps they think I am dead. Or perhaps they are dead themselves. I say they, though perhaps I should not. In the

beginning, but was it the beginning, I used  
to see an old woman, then for a time an old  
yellow arm, then for a time an old yellow  
hand. But these were probably no more  
than the agents of a consortium. And  
indeed the silence at times is such that the  
earth seems uninhabited. That is what  
comes of the taste for generalization. You  
have only to hear nothing for a few days, in  
your hole, nothing but the sounds of things,

and you begin to fancy yourself the last of  
human kind. What if I started to scream?

Not that I wish to draw attention to myself,  
simply to try and find out if there is

someone about. But I don't like screaming. I

have spoken softly, gone my ways softly, all

my days, as behoves one who has nothing to

say, nowhere to go, and so nothing to gain

by being seen or heard. Not to mention the

possibility of there being not a living soul



within a radius of one hundred yards and  
then such multitudes of people that they are  
walking on top of one another. They do not  
dare come near me. In that case I could  
scream my head off to no purpose. I shall  
try all the same. I have tried. I heard  
nothing out of the ordinary. No, I  
exaggerate, I heard a kind of burning croak  
deep down in the windpipe, as when one  
has heartburn. With practice I might

produce a groan, before I die. I am not  
sleepy any more. In any case I must not  
sleep any more. What tedium. I have missed  
the ebb. Did I say I only say a small  
proportion of the things that come into my  
head? I must have. I choose those that seem  
somehow akin. It is not always easy. I hope  
they are the most important. I wonder if I  
shall ever be able to stop. Perhaps I should  
throw away my lead. I could never retrieve

it now. I might be sorry. My little lead. It is a risk I do not feel inclined to take, just now.

What then? I wonder if I could not contrive, wielding my gunlike a punt-pole, to move my bed. It may well be on castors, many beds are. Incredible I should never have thought of this, all the time I have been here. I might even succeed in steering it, it is so narrow, through the door, and even down the stairs, if there is a stairs that goes

down. To be off and away. The dark is  
against me, in a sense. But I can always try  
and see if the bed will move. I have only to  
set the stick against the wall and push. And  
I can see myself already, if successful,  
taking a little turn in the room, until it is  
light enough for me to set forth. At least  
while thus employed I shall stop telling  
myself lies. And then, who knows, the  
physical effort may polish me off, by means

of heart failure. I have lost' my stick, That is  
the outstanding event of the day, for it is  
day again. The bed has not stirred. I must  
have missed my point of purchase. in the  
dark.

Archimedes was right. The gun doesn't  
work not a chance, having slipped, would  
have plucked me from the bed if I had not

let it go. It would of course have been better for me to relinquish my bed than to lose my stick. But I had not time to think. The fear of falling is the source of many a folly. It is a disaster. I suppose the wisest thing now is to live it over again, meditate upon it and be edified. It is thus that man distinguishes himself from the ape and rises. from discovery to discovery, ever higher. towards the light. Now that I have

lost my stick I realize what it is I have lost  
and all it meant to me. And thence ascend,  
painfully, to an understanding of the Stick,  
shorn of all its accidents, such as I had  
never dreamt of. What a broadening of the  
mind. So that I half discern, in the veritable  
catastrophe that has befallen me, a blessing  
in disguise. How comforting that is.

Catastrophe too in the ancient sense no  
doubt. To be buried in lava and not turn a

hair, it is then a man shows what stuff he is made of. To know you can do better next time, unrecognizably better, and that there is no next time, and that it is a blessing there is not, there is a thought to be going on with. I thought I was turning my stick to the best possible account, like a monkey scratching its fleas with the key that opens its cage. For it is obvious lo me now that by making a more intelligent use of my stick I



might have extracted myself from my bed  
and perhaps even got myself back into it,  
when tired of rolling and dragging myself  
about the floor or on the stairs.

## Part XI – The Part about A Situation

The situation, if I interpret them correctly.

But my notes have a curious tendency, as I

realize at last, to all they purport to record .

So I hasten to turn aside from this process

to mention only it, which has seized on

certain parts of my economy, I will not

specify which. And to think I was expecting

rather to grow cold, if anything! This first

phase, that of the bed, was characterized by

the evolution of the relationship between

me and my lover. There sprang up gradually

between them a kind of intimacy which, at a

given moment, led them to lie together and have sex and talk as best they could. For given their age and scant experience of sexual love, it was only natural they should not succeed, at the first shot, in giving each other the impression they were made for each other. The spectacle was then offered of Macmann trying to bundle his sex into his partner's like a pillow into a pillow-slip, folding it in two and then leaving the

process for instead a higher art – that of all  
women in fact hearing this as poetry finally  
breaking away from concrete discussions  
on the lack of money. But far from losing  
heart they warmed to their work. And  
though both we[e completely impotent they  
finally succeeded, summoning to their aid  
all the resources of the skin, the process  
and the imagination, in striking from their  
dry and feeble clips a kind of sombre

gratification. So that Moll exclaimed, being  
(at that stage) the more expansive of the  
two, Oh would we had but met sixty years  
ago! But on the long road to this what  
flutterings, alarms and bashful fumbblings,  
of which only this, that they gave Macmann  
some insight into the meaning of the  
expression, Two is company. He then made  
unquestionable progress in the use of the  
spoken word and learnt in a short time to

Jet fall, at the right time, the yesses, noes,  
mores and enoughts that keep love alive. It  
was also the occasion of his penetrating  
into the enchanted world of reading, thanks  
to the inflammatory letters which Moll  
brought and put into his hands. And the  
memories of school are so tenacious, for  
those who have been there, that he was  
soon able to dispense with the explanations  
of his correspondent and understand all

unaided, holding the sheet of paper as far  
from his eyes as his arms permitted.

Funny I never ran into one poet and  
revolter, to my knowledge, not one. There is  
still history it means but that's a  
postmodern subject Belano argued in his  
room in Latin Quarters. Here lies a process  
Ilaan argued – that we do not believe in  
science in fact I follow poetry as science I

meant that, so fuck the jargon I meant and  
implement that. But for a moment only, I  
mean half-an-hour at most. Then I tried him  
with other functions, all equally  
disappointing. Strange need to know who  
people are and what they do for a living and  
what they want with you. In spite of the  
ease with which he wore his black and  
manipulated his umbrella and his  
consummate mastery of the block-hat, I had



for a time the impression he was disguised,

but from what if I may say so, and as what?

At a given moment, yet another, he took

fright, for his breath came faster and he

moved away from the bed. It was then I saw

he was wearing brown boots, which gave

me such a shock as no words can convey.

They were copiously caked with fresh mud

and I said to myself, Through what sloughs

has he had to toil to reach me? I wonder if

he was looking for something in particular,  
it would be so nice to know. I shall tear a  
page out of my exercise-book and  
reproduce upon it, from memory, what  
follows, and show it to him to-morrow, or to-  
day, or some other day, if he ever comes  
back. 1. Who are you? 2. What do you do,  
for a living? 3. Are you looking for  
something in particular? What else? 4. Why  
are you so cross? 5. Have I offended you? 6.

Do you know anything about me? 7. It was  
wrong of you to strike me. 8. Give me my  
radical protest. 9. Are you your own  
employer? I 0. If not who sends you? II. Put  
back my things where you found them. 1 2.  
Why has my soup been stopped? 1 3. For  
what reason are my pots no longer  
emptied? 1 4. Do you think I shall last much  
longer? 1 5. May I ask you a favour? 1 6.  
Your conditions are mine. 17. Why brown

boots and whence the mud? 18. You

couldn't by any chance let me have the butt

of a pencil? 19. Number your answers. 20.

Don't go, I haven't finished. Will one page

suffice? There cannot be many left. I might

as well ask for a rubber while I am about it.

21. Could you lend me an India rubber?

When he had gone I said to myself, But

surely I have seen him somewhere before.

And the people I have seen have seen me

too, I can guarantee that. But of whom may  
it not be said, I know that man? Drivel,  
drivel. And then at evening morning is so  
far away. I had stopped looking at him. I  
had got used to him. I was thinking of him,  
trying to understand, you can't do that and  
look at the same · time. I did not even see  
him• go. Oh he did not vanish, after the  
fashion of a ghost, no, I heard him, the  
clank when he took out his watch, the

satisfied thump of the umbrella on the floor,  
the rhythmic, the rapid steps towards the  
door, its soft closing and finally, I am sorry  
to say, a gay and lively whistle dying away.

What have I omitted? Little things,  
nothings.

Part III

Stupid obsession with depth. Are there  
other places set aside for us and this one  
where I am, I thought I had done with  
preliminaries. No. no. we have all been here  
forever. we shall all be here forever, I know  
it. No more questions. Is not this rather the  
place where one finishes vanishing?

It hands down, on either side of his chin, in  
two twists of unequal length of soul then.

Ilaan then is meticulous on the nature of

poetry – what did I mean, I meant

mathematics and poetry throughout. I

follow the Epistle, and grant you freedoms.

I meant the world is free, freer than we

think. Pen, paper and process. I also mean

that many conversations can take placew

about intellectual lives and their failure

instead. I also mean that is fundamental, to



liberate them. I also mean finally that  
women are saying.

In fact then I argue in a film I was shooting  
in fact imagine scenes like this -

That's one of Mahood's favourite tricks, to  
produce ostensibly independent testimony  
in support of my historical existence. A man  
is walking and gets picked up by a Mexican.

The instalment over, all joined in a hymn,  
Safe in the arms of Jesus, for example, or,  
Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom  
fly, for example. Then they went to bed,  
with the exception of the one on watch duty.  
My parents differed in their views on me,  
but they were agreed I had been a fine  
baby. at the very beginning, the first  
fortnight or three weeks. And yet he was a  
fine baby, with these words they invariably

closed their relations. Often they fell silent,  
engulfed in their memories. Then it was  
usual for one of the children to launch, by  
way of envoy, the consecrated phrase, And  
yet he was a fine guy. A burst of clear and  
innocent laughter, from the mouths of those  
whom sleep had not yet overcome, greeted  
this premature conclusion. And the  
narrators themselves, torn from their  
melancholy thoughts, could scarce forbear

to smile. Then they all rose, with the  
exception of my mother whose knees  
couldn't support her, and sang. Gentle  
Jesus, meek and mild, for example, or Jesus,  
my one, my all, hear me when I call, for  
example. He too must have been a fine  
baby. Finally my wife announced the latest  
news. for them to take to bed with them.  
He's backing away again, or, He's stopped  
to scratch himself, or, You should have seen

him hopping sidelong, or, Oh look children,  
quick he's down on his hands and knee,  
admittedly that must have been worth  
seeing. It was then customary that someone  
should ask her if I was ap· proaching none  
the less, if in spite of everything I was  
making headway, they couldn't bear the  
thought of going to bed, those who were  
still awake, without the assurance that I  
wasn't losing ground. The revolver goes of

in his hands, he is taken to the hospital that

Born again Christian in fact Mexican. I had

moved, no further proof was needed. I had

been drawing near for so long now that

provided I remained in motion there could

be no cause for anxiety. I was launched,

there was no reason why I should suddenly

begin to retreat, I just wasn't made that

way. Then having kissed all round and

wished one another happy dreams they

retired, with the exception of the watch.

What about hailing him? Poor Papa, he

burned to encourage me vocally. Stick it,

lad, it's your last winter. But in view of the

trouble I was having. the trouble I was

taking, they held him back, pointing out

that the moment was illchosen to give me a

shock. But what were my own feelings at

this.

